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Three Travellers.

A
T A L E.



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THE
Three Travellers.

A
T A L E.



Good Repute, a virtuous Name,
Philosophers set forth,
As the unherring Path to Fame;
(If Fame consists in Worth')

This Character so rarely found
Sets Merit full in view;
A moral *Glory*, smiles all round,
Whate'er the Virtuous do:

Tha

That precious Ointment, gently shed,
 O're mental Ills prevails;
 And where the fragrant Medicines spread,
 It animates and heals:

Yet hard it is to use it right,
 Tho' beautiful to view,
 It shines distinguishingly bright,
 How transitory too!

Like Glais it glitters, soon 'tis crackt,
 Irreparably frail;
 All Moralists allow the Fact,
 So I apply the Tale,

When Things inanimate cou'd speak,
 FIRE once agreed with WATER,
 A Friendly Jant one Day to take,
 But where, 'tis no great matter,

It happen'd that the Day before
 Each left his different Station,
 They chose a third worth twenty more,
 And this was ——— REPUTATION.

The three Companions now reflect,
 If Chance shou'd once divide 'em;
 How each his Letters might direct,
 Or who wou'd surest guide 'em:

Says WATER, Friends, you'll hear my Name,
 Tho' lost upon a Mountain;
 Enquire at any murm'ring Stream,
 Or seek me in a Fountain:

Where Marshes stagnate Bogs extend,
 Green Reeds and Turfy Sods
 Direct a Path to meet your Friend,
 A Path the Bull-rush nods.

From deep Cascades sometimes I pour,
 Thro' Meadows gently glide;
 I drop a Dew, descend a Shower,
 Or thunder in a Tide.

Your restless Make, quoth FIRE, I knew,
 Just like your Parent Ocean,
 I love to rove as well as you,
 My Life consists in Motion.

But shou'd I stray, you find me soon
 In Matches, Flints and Tapers;
 And tho' my Temper's brisk and boon,
 I'm often in the *Vapours*.

From Smeak sure Tidings you may get,
 It can't subsist without me,
 Or find me like some *fond Coquette*,
 With fifty *Sparks* about me.

With Poets all my Marks you see,
 (Since *Flash* and *Smoak* reveal me)
 Suspect me always near *Nat-Let*,
 And *Blackmore* can't conceal me.

In *Milton's* Page I glow by Art,
 One Flame intense and even:
 In *Shakespear* Blaze a sudden Start
 Like Light'ning drop'd from Heaven.

With many more, as well as they
 Thro' various Forms I shift,
 I'm gently lambent while I'm *GAR*,
 But brightest when I'm *SWIFT*.

The best of Slaves I'm call'd by Men
 When bound in proper Durance,
 But if I once do Mischief_____ then
 I'm heard of at TH' INSURANCE.

Thro' Nature's Works I take my Flight,
 And kindle while I run,
 Up from the Tinder-box I light
 The Chariot of the Sun.

Alas! poor *REPUTATION* cry'd,
 How happy in each other:
 Such num'rous Marks must surely guide
 Each Straggler to his Brother.

'Tis I alone must be undone,
 Such Ills have Fate design'd me:
 If I be LOST_____ 'tis ten to one
 You never more will find me.

F I N I S.

The best of all is in call
When found in proper
But if I find the Minister
I am heart of as TH' IN
CHANGE.

The 'Nature's Work' is
And kind as well as
Up from the 'Liberator's
The Charlot of the Sun.

Alas! poor REPUBLICAN
How happy in each other
Such numbers black and
Each stranger to his own

That is not to be
Such the have the day

NO 25 58
If I be lost
You never more will be

F I N I S H